

Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON





Sergeant Preston's

ARCTIC DIARY

Emergency Rations

a—"Sourdoughs" get their nickname from an emergency food ration they carry with them. Prospectors and frontiersmen in the Arctic soon learn that it is impossible to depend entirely on wild game for a steady food supply. For emergencies, they carry a thick paste of flour mixed with lardening and water. This paste of wheat cooks quickly when put into the embers of a fire and is easily carried in a knapsack or even in a pocket. It's nourishing even if it isn't very tasty. It is "sour" because it tastes of its most important ingredient, fermented lactic acid.

b—White men learned to make pemmican from the Indians. This form of dried meat is made almost the same way as the buffalo meat "jerky" of the Plains Indians, except that it is dried over slow-burning fires rather than in the sun. Indian dried meat or pemmican is usually made from caribou (reindeer). Only dry, lean meat is used, since fat of any kind tends to spoil easily. Often, the dried caribou meat is ground up fine and mixed with dried berries. Arctic explorers such as Commander Peary and Amundsen carried large quantities of pemmican in their ships as emergency rations if all else failed.

c—French-Canadian trappers developed the cache. Trappers usually make regular rounds following their trap lines. They know that at any time they may be stranded away from their cabins by a blizzard, a fall or a sudden injury or sickness. Therefore, they put a certain amount of food in a safe place at regular intervals along the trap line. Caches must always be built so that wild animals cannot break into them. A man who robs a trapper's food cache is as much despised as a horse thief is in the West. Just as the cowboy's life often depends on his horse, a trapper's often depends on his cache.



Sergeant PRESTON and THE TRAITOR

ALARM DRIPS THE
SOURDOUGH PATRONS
OF A BELKIRK
CAFÉ



REACH FOR THE
CEILING--ALL OF
YOU! AND NO
TRICKS--!

A HOLDUP!
FIVE OF 'EM
WITH GUNS--!

THAT'S "SCAR" MORTON! HE
AND HIS GANG HAVE ROBBERED
AND SHOT UP PLACES IN
THREE TUGSON SETTLE-
MENTS!

YEAH! I'VE
HEARD OF
THEM!



LOUET-- YOU AND I GOTTA
LINE UP EVERYBODY
HERE AND TAKE WHAT
THEY'VE GOT! WE'LL
COVER 'EM!

GRAY, SCAR!
DOUGHT TO BE A
FEW POKES OF
DUST



NO THEIVING GANG IS
GOING TO TAKE MY
GOLD DUST--!



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



























Sergeant PRESTON and THE GOLD MAP



HE RAPID SUCCESSION, CONSTABLE TOM DIAMOND
GIVES ORDERS, ASKS QUESTIONS...









DOWN AND HURT, TOM DIAMOND RETURNS HIS ATTACKER'S FIRE

HASTILY, GOOSE ADAMS BEATS A RETREAT DOWN THE DARK ALLEY



--- AS SERGEANT PRESTON HALTS HIS TEAM IN THE STREET



HALF AN HOUR LATER---

THERE---I'VE GOT THE BULLET! THE WORST PAIN IS OVER, TOM!

THAT'S GOOD!



UMMM! A THIRTY-TWO CALIBER, PROBABLY SMITH AND WESSON PISTOL! A LIGHT WEAPON--- BUT A KILLER IF IT HAD STRUCK NEAR YOUR HEART, TOM!



YOU'LL HAVE A LAKE SHOULDER FOR TWO OR THREE WEEKS, TOM, MY BOY! THAT'S ALL! BUT YOU'RE TO STAY IN BED TOMORROW!

SHUCKS! CAN'T I EVEN TAKE MY GIRL OUT TO DINNER? I MISSED MY DATE WITH HER TONIGHT!



NEXT MORNING---

UMMM---HEY, SERGEANT! YOU'VE DRESSED AND MADE YOUR GUT UP AND NEVER WAKED ME!

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE TODAY, TOM---EXCEPT OVER TO DR. THOMAS'S HOUSE!



WHY AM I GOING THERE?

BECAUSE SOMEBODY TRIED TO KILL YOU LAST NIGHT--- AND MIGHT TRY AGAIN! THE REASON COULD BE JOE BASS'S MAP SO, BEFORE I LEAVE---



---IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA FOR ME TO TAKE THE MAP FOR SAFEEKEEPING, AND LEAVE A FAKE MAP, TO TRAP YOUR ATTACKER





A FAKE MAP---? YOU MEAN TO LEAVE IT WITH ME, SERGEANT?

NO---LEAVE IT HERE IN YOUR OFFICE, LOOKED UP! WE'LL PUT A NEW LOOK ON THE OUTER DOOR, AND LET THE NEWS GET AROUND THAT ITS PURPOSE IS TO PROTECT SOMETHING VALUABLE



YOU'RE MAKING THEM SOMEWHAT ALIKE, SERGEANT! BOTH SHOW BLUE EAGLE'S VILLAGE

BLUE EAGLE'S VILLAGE IS WHERE I HAVE TO GO ANYWAY, TO ATTEND AN INTER-TRIBAL MEETING! BY THE WAY--- I'M LEAVING KING HERE TO PROTECT YOU, TOM!



SOME HOURS LATER---AT DR. THOMAS'S HOME---

YOU'RE JOKING, DOCTOR, THAT TOM COULD TO SEE VISITORS...

OF COURSE, YOUR LADY! HIS WOUND IS NOT DANGEROUS! I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE!

DR



NO, NO, TOM! JUST YOU LIE DOWN AND REST! I'VE BEEN SO WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

THAT'S SWEET OF YOU, CLARE! BUT THIS LYING DOWN BUSINESS IS ALL NONSENSE



TOM, I HEARD THAT YOU HAD A NEW LOOK PUT ON YOUR OFFICE DOOR! WASN'T THE OLD ONE ANY GOOD?

OH, IT WAS ALL RIGHT--- BUT I HAVE A VERY VALUABLE MAP HIDDEN THERE--- SOMETHING I'M KEEPING FOR ANOTHER PARTY! OF COURSE, THAT'S NOT TO BE TOLD AROUND TOWN!



I WON'T MENTION IT TO A SOUL, TOM! BUT NOW I MUST BE GOING, SO AS NOT TO TIRE YOU OUT

TIME HE OUT? NONSENSE---?

IT'S NOT NONSENSE! ANY MAN WITH A BULLET HOLE IN HIS SHOULDER NEEDS REST! I'M SO GLAD THAT SERGEANT PRESTON IS HERE TO DO YOUR WORK, TOM

HE'S NOT DOING MY WORK, CLARE! HE'S BAKY ON INDIAN BUSINESS!

DON'T WORRY ANY MORE ABOUT ME! I'LL BE TAKING YOU TO DINNER, DAY AFTER TOMORROW!

IT'S A DATE, TOM--- IF YOU ARE WELL ENOUGH! BYE!

BACK IN THE CAFE... WITH NEWS...

TOM TOLD ME WHERE IT IS, DODGE! IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN HIS OFFICE! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BREAK IN THERE TONIGHT---

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY TRY AGAIN, ENO VERY WELL

THAT EVENING, DESPITE THE NEW LOOK, DODGE ADAMS'S STEEL "JIMMY" OPENS THE UNWATCHED OFFICE DOOR



HUMPH! RIGHT IN THE TOP DRAWER----- WITH "RICHARD BASS" WRITTEN ON IT! THAT WILL BE THE OLD MAN'S SON! SO---



HERE'S THE MAP! EASIER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE---ONLY TROUBLE IS, I'LL HAVE TO SPLIT IT WITH CLARE!









Sergeant PRESTON

and **THE HIDDEN CABIN**

KING IS BLOWING UP!
THE SNOW IS WIPING
OUT THE TRAIL OF
THOSE TWO KILLERS---

IN THE FACE OF AN ARCTIC
BLIZZARD, SERGEANT
PRESTON AND HIS GREAT
LEAD DOG, YUKON KING,
HAVE CLUNG TO THE TRAIL
OF DESPERATE FLEEING
MEN, BUT ---











AS NIGHT FALLS---



WE EAT MOSSE LIVER
TONIGHT! HERE,
RICK---



HUH? WHERE'S
RICK? WHERE'S
MY DOG?

I--- I'M SORRY, MOOSE?
DIDN'T YOU NOTICE
CHRIS---LYING THERE
WITH HIS HEAD
BANDAGED?



I WENT OUT TO CHOP WOOD
WHEN I CAME BACK, I FOUND
CHRIS LYING UNCONSCIOUS
IN THE SNOW AND A MAN
WAS LOADING REX ON HIS
SLED--- STUNNED, THE
POOR DOG WAS.

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MY DOG?
TALK QUICK---



WHO? YOU
KNOW WHO?

Y'HEAR? MAN WHO LIVES IN GREESVILLE---
FIRST CABIN, THIS SIDE OF TOWN! HE'S TOUGH!
TAKES WHATEVER HE WANTS.



I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE--- I'LL FIX HIM!
HURTING MY DOG? STEALING MY REX!
I'LL TAKE HIM SAREHANDS-----



IT WORKED, JOE?
GIVE HIM TWO MINUTES
TO GET OUT OF SIGHT
AND----- WE'LL BE
ON OUR WAY!

UH-HUH! GOOD THING
THAT WE CHAINED REX
OUT IN THE WOODS IN
THE OTHER DIRECTION
FROM GREESVILLE!







